Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband comes to wooe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Cap. When the Sun ſets, the aire doth driſle dew.
But for the Sun-ſet of my brothers ſonne,
It raines downe right.
How now, a Conduit Girle? what ſtill in teares?
Evermore ſhowring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitſt a Barke, a Sea, a winde:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares; the Bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will over-ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife.
How? will ſhe none? doth ſhe not ſhe give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
(Unworthy as ſhe is) that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that's meant in love.
Cap. How now? how now? chopt logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Miſtris minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But

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